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cedes ago. One has only to compare the etymologies in the Harpers' Latin Dictionary with the accounts of Latin words given in Walde's Lateinisches Etymologisches Wörterbuch (Winter, Heidelberg: second edition, 1910) to realize the enormous progress made in this one field in the last thirty years. There is no prospect whatever that the Harpers' Dictionary will be revised. The Epitome Thesauri Latini therefore offers to earnest and scientific students of the Latin language their one hope of securing a dictionary of Latin which shall be at once reasonably exhaustive, scientific in its plan and in its accuracy, and, finally, marked by that cheapness which is one of the many marvels of books made in Germany. C. K.

**THE AGES OF MAN: A STUDY SUGGESTED  
BY HORACE, ARS POETICA,  
LINES 153-178<sup>1</sup>**

*I The Literary Tradition of the Division of Life  
Into Ages*

The theme of lines 153-178 of Horace's *Ars Poetica* is the Ages of Man with their varying characteristics. The poet is giving advice to dramatic writers and says:

Do you attend to what the public and I likewise want. If you desire an applauder who stays until the curtain, and who will keep his seat until the *cantor* gives the word to applaud, you must observe the characteristics of each stage of life, and grant what is seemly to changing dispositions and shifting years. The child who now knows how to reply in words, and who marks the ground with steady tread, delights in playing with his childish companions. Thoughtlessly he becomes angry, as thoughtlessly always his wrath, and changes every hour.

The beardless youth at length from guardian freed takes pleasure in horses, hounds, and the turf of the sunny athletic field. As easily moulded in vice is he as wax, rude to his counsellors, slow to provide the useful things of life, lavish with money, aspiring, passionate, and quick to forsake what once he loved.

With change of taste the years and soul of manhood's full estate seek wealth and friendship, bow the knee to honor, and do not wish to commit a deed which soon they'd desire to change.

Many disadvantages beset the gray-haired man, either because he seeks to procure new wealth, and miser-like touches not and fears to use the hoard already found, or because he does everything timidly and half-heartedly. A procrastinator is he, holding long to his hopes, sluggish, longing eagerly for future years, hard to please, full of complaints, a praiser of times long since gone by when he was a boy, a reprover and censurer of the younger gen-

eration. Many blessings the years bring as they come; as they go many they take away. Lest then perchance the rôles of old men be assigned to youths or manly parts to a child, let us ever fix our attention upon the qualities which are characteristic of and adapted to the time of life.

The passage just quoted suggests at once the speech of Jacques, *As You Like It*, Act 2, Scene 7. His words are familiar to every one, yet, because of Shakespeare's excellent treatment of the subject, I beg leave to call to mind once more the famous lines:

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women, merely Players;  
They have their Exits and their Entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His Acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
Then, the whining School-boy with his Satchell  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to Schoole. And then the Lover,  
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad  
Made to his Mistress eye-brow. Then a Soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jelous in honor, sodaine and quickie in quarrell,  
Seeking the bubble Reputation  
Even in the Cannon's mouth. And then, the Justice  
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe and beard of formall cut,  
Full of wise sawes and moderne instances,  
And so he plays his part. The next age shifts  
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloeone,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunke shanke, and his big manly voice,  
Turning againe toward childish treble, pipes,  
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful historie  
Is second childishnesse and mere oblivion  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

So run the lines of Shakespeare. Yet the idea of the division of life into stages was by no means a new one with him, nor was it with Horace. Indeed the tradition that the course of man's journey from the cradle to the grave is divided into different periods seems to be almost as old as man himself, for it is an ever-recurring theme in the literature of all times and nations.

In Greek literature, it is found in several authors. Perhaps the earliest instance is a fragment ascribed to Solon, to be found in Bergk, *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*, Frag. 27 (13). Solon divides life into ten stages of seven years each. Man, says he, is an infant until seven years; a child until fourteen; in the third age the beard of changing color grows upon his chin; in the fourth, he attains full manly strength; in the fifth, he is led to think of a wife and future posterity; in the sixth, his mind is no longer pleased with trivial matters; in the seventh and eighth, from forty-two to fifty-six his understanding and speech are at their best. In the ninth, he has still some powers left, but in eloquence and wisdom he is no longer capable of great efforts. And now, says Solon, let him who shall attain the tenth septenary look for a not untimely death. Thus, with the

<sup>1</sup> This paper was read at the Seventh Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, at Baltimore, May 3, 1913.

The author begs leave to say that this article is a very inadequate abridgment of a paper which she wrote two years ago, for the Latin Seminary of The Johns Hopkins University, under the direction of Professor Kirby Flower Smith. In so short a sketch it has been necessary to omit entirely many of the most interesting parts of the longer study and to curtail all. Reference may be made to an elaborate treatment of the same theme, entitled *Die Lebensalter*, by Frans Boll, *Neue Jahrbücher*, February, 1913.

Psalmist, Solon agreed in limiting the days of a man's life to three-score years and ten.

The first instance of the division of life into seven ages is that of Hippocrates, and is to this effect: In the nature of man there are seven periods which are called ages; the infant, the boy, the youth, the young man, the man, the elderly man, the aged man. Man is an infant until the age of seven, a boy until fourteen, a youth until thrice seven, a young man to four sevens, a man until forty-nine, an elderly man to fifty-six. Whatever is beyond this belongs to old age.

Aristotle, in his *Rhetoric* 2.12-15, also divides man's life into periods, but he gives only three—youth, the prime of life, and old age; he fixes no limits for these.

Proclus is said to have divided the journey from the cradle to the grave into seven stages over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule (see his *Commentaries on Alcibiades*, 3.39).

The first division of life which was made by the Romans was for military purposes and is recorded in *Aulus Gellius* (10.28) as follows:

In his history *Tubero* tells us that when *Servius Tullius* reorganized the army he divided the Roman people into five classes for the purpose of making a levy of troops. All who were less than seventeen years old he considered *pueri*. Of these no military service was exacted. Those between seventeen and forty-six he called *iuniores*, and they were drafted for service in the field. Those older than forty-six were considered *seniores*, and were expected to perform garrison duty only.

*Censorinus*, in his *De Die Natali* 14.2, mentions the fact that *Varro* divided life into five ages. He tells us also that *Staseas*, the peripatetic, made the length of each period of life seven years, as *Solon* had done, but he added two to *Solon's* ten ages and made the full measure of man's life twelve sevens or eighty-four years. According to *Varro*, the *Etruscans*, too, in their books of destiny described life as consisting of twelve ages each lasting seven years (see also *Censorinus*, *De Die Natali* 14.5). *Cicero* in his *Tusculan Disputations* 1.34 mentions three ages, *pueritia*, *adolescentia*, and *senectus*, as he does also in his *De Senectute* (see *Reid* on §4). *Seneca*, too, refers to the periods of life. He says: 'Life is a voyage in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age'.

Though interesting examples of the division of life into ages are found in the Hebrew and German literatures, it will be necessary in this brief sketch to pass these over.

In England, in *Shakespeare's* time, the representation of the ages of man was a common theme and the number seems to have crystallized into seven. In *Arnold's Chronicle*, a famous book of the period,

there is a short chapter entitled, *The Seven Ages of Man Living in the World*. An edition of *Sir Thomas More's* works, printed in London, in 1557, contains another interesting treatment of the subject. Another example belonging to the same period is found in *Vaughan's Directions for Health*. His views run as follows:

By the computation of astrologers man's life is divided into seven ages over each of which one of the seven planets is predominant (this recalls the divisions of *Proclus*). Over the first age, infancy, the moon has control; the second age, childhood, from seven to fourteen, is under the sway of *Mercury*. The third, the stripling of from fourteen to twenty-two, is controlled by *Venus*, as may be seen from the fact that at that time men are prone to prodigality; the fourth age, young manhood, until thirty-four, has the *Sun* as its chief lord. The fifth age lasts six and twenty years, and is subject to *Mars*. The sixth lasts till seventy-four. Of this *Jupiter* is master. The seventh and last of the ages contains the rest of a man's life and is influenced by *Saturn*, which is the most melancholy and slowest of all the planets, thus causing a man to be drooping, decrepit, cold and sad.

In later times the tendency seems to be to divide life into Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. *Thomson* marks the periods assigned to man by the four successive seasons:

Behold, fond Man,  
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years  
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent heat,  
Thy sober Autumn fading into Age;  
And pale concluding Winter comes at last  
And shuts the Scene!

*Pope* too, in the *Essay on Man*, has described four ages:

Behold the child by nature's kindly law  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite.  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of Age.  
Pleased with this bauble, as with that before,  
'Till tir'd he sleeps and life's poor play is o'er.

## II *Artistic Traditions of the Ages of Man*

In art, as well as in literature, the Ages of Man is a frequent motif, going back to the twelfth century or even earlier, as the windows and the sculptures of several cathedrals still bear witness. One of the earliest examples of the artistic treatment of the subject is at *Basle*; it may be dated about the close of the twelfth century. It is in the form of a circular window representing the wheel of life. This wheel has a number of spokes which serve as ladders upon which the figures climb. They are ten in number, thus agreeing with *Solon's* division. The first figure is a boy about to begin the ascent. The other figures are in a similar attitude with arm upraised, until the summit is reached. Then the descent is begun and this exhibits a whimsical rapidity.

The Church of St. Stephen, at Beauvais, has a similar window with twelve figures sculptured on the wheel. At the center of the wheel is seated a young man; around this central figure are the four seasons. Each represents one of the principal ages of man. Spring is a youth, Summer a young man, Autumn a man in mature life, and Winter an aged figure.

Variations of the treatment may be found also in two of the English cathedrals, Rochester and Canterbury.

Another representation of the ages is in the pavement of the Cathedral at Siena. In this floor the seven ages are shown in single white figures set in squares or diamonds of black. *Infantia* is a child playing among flowers; *Pueritia* is an Italian boy in short cloak and cap, walking in the fields; the season of youth is spun out, always among flowers, through *Adolescentia* and *Iuventus*. Manhood is a studious citizen walking with open book. *Decrepitus* moves over a land flowerless at last to an open grave.

Still other examples are found in some painted glass in the Church of St. Nizier at Troyes, and in a cathedral at Amiens. In the latter only a semicircle is represented, but there are seventeen figures, eight ascending, eight descending, and one at the summit.

Many wood-cuts and engravings of the fourteenth century and later represent the same theme. Though these are all very interesting, in this brief sketch we may mention only one, perhaps the most famous. This is on copper and was probably the prototype of Shakespeare's *Seven Ages*. The wheel of life has now given place to a succession of steps, rising on one side and descending on the other. The engraving represents a rock cut into nine steps. The first is occupied by a little child one year old in a go-cart. Beneath him is a pig, to which the boy is likened because his nature is disposed to the satisfaction of mere animal instincts, as the Italian distich which is appended tells us. In the second we at once recognize the original of Shakespeare's school boy. A boy of ten is carrying his books and the animal beneath him is a lamb. The next is a youth of twenty. This is the lover; in his right hand is a branch of myrtle, at his feet a young Cupid bending the bow. Beneath him is the goat, the animal to which he is compared. Then follows the soldier armed with spear and shield; his age is thirty and the Italian inscription tells us that he often runs great risks by reason of his strength. This suggests Shakespeare's "sudden and quick in quarrel and seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth". We now come to the fifth age, the justice. His emblem is the lion, his age forty, and the distich declares him a king among mortals as the lion is among beasts. The next two

figures are on the descending steps and have no analogy in Shakespeare. The man of fifty is a scholar. Next is the man of sixty. The man of seventy is the slippered pantaloone of Shakespeare. He is a figure bending with age, attired in a long furred robe, his feet in slippers, spectacles on nose. He is compared to a hound and the verse tells us that he has a sack full of sins. Last scene of all is the man of eighty, blind and seated upon a tomb. The author of this design, which is treated with considerable skill, has recorded his name thus: "Per me Christophero Bertello".

Later than this engraving is a print which Didron says is popular in the cottages of the peasants of France. In this, too, there is a double flight of stairs, one ascending, the other descending. On each stage of this double staircase ascends upon the right and descends upon the left a couple uniformly composed of a man and woman holding each other by the arms. Quite below under a slope of the stairs two babes sleep in a cradle. A tiny boy and girl begin the ascent. On the second grade a youth of twenty offers a flower to a blushing maid. On the third a man of thirty looks with affection at his wife, who holds her babe in her arms. Then follow other figures of man and woman at forty and fifty. They now seek to stop themselves but are carried away by the course of life and it forces them to descend the staircase at the left. The couple make a stop regretfully at attaining sixty years. Ten years later the back of each is bent. At seventy spectacles are used to see and a staff to walk. Finally we reach extreme old age. Death comes with his scythe on his shoulder to cut away the remnant of life which is still retained by the aged man and his feeble wife.

### III *Characteristics of the Ages as Given by Other Writers*

The characteristics of the Ages of Man described by Aristotle, in *The Rhetoric* 2.12-15, and by Horace, in *The Ars Poetica* 153-178, which is evidently modeled on Aristotle, agree in general with those given by other Greek and Latin authors, and also by modern writers. In so short a sketch as the present we shall be able to give only a few of those which refer to old age alone.

In describing this period both Aristotle, and Horace confine themselves almost exclusively to the delineation of the unfavorable side of the last days of life, suppressing their redeeming features, authority, wisdom, peace. There is no hint in Horace of the respect accorded to such an old age as that of Nestor, who, when ruling over the third generation, took part in the expedition against Troy, and, in spite of his years, had a prominent part in battle and council alike. He was distinguished by the qualities of wisdom, justice, and eloquence, and

from his lips flowed language sweeter than honey. He was experienced in war, and Agamemnon said of him that if he had ten such counsellors Troy would soon fall. Ten years after the capture of that city, Telemachus found him still at Pylus, amidst his children, and in the enjoyment of a cheerful and prosperous old age. Nor is there in Horace any suggestion of a peaceful yet productive old age, such as that of Plato, who, Cicero tells us (*De Senectute* 13), continued to write until his death, which occurred in his eightieth year; or of Isocrates, who wrote his *Panathenaica* in his ninety-fourth year, and lived five years after; or of his master Gorgias, who completed one hundred and seven years, yet did not loiter in his purpose and labor; or of Sophocles, who wrote tragedies up to extreme old age (*De Senectute* 22); or of the delight that Naevius derived from his *Bellum Poenicum*, or Plautus from his *Truculentus* (§50). None of the pleasures to be derived by old age from a well trained mind is mentioned in Horace. He is not describing the closing years of a man who has been a thinker all his life, and so has laid up a store of treasures for his latest days, but of the average man as seen on the stage and in the streets in his day and our own, whose pleasures are largely physical. In him old age seems rather a curse than a blessing; hence, Horace does not sing  
Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made;  
but rather

*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda.*

Many troubles, he says, beset the gray-haired man and *Multa comoda secum recedentes anni adimunt*. According to Horace, the years of old age are evil days when thou shalt have no pleasure in them.

Yet Horace is not the only writer who depicts old age as a time to be dreaded. Fear old age, for it does not come alone, was an expressive Greek proverb. Sophocles says, in a fragment of his *Peleus*,

*πάλιν γὰρ αἰθεὶς παῖς ὁ γηράσκων ἀνὴρ,*

'the aged man becomes a child again'.

Antiphanes writes (*Fabulae Incertae*, Frag. 255):

*τὸ γῆρας ὥσπερ βωμὸς ἐστὶ τῶν κακῶν.*

Lucian (*Dial. Mort.* 6, Sect. 2), pictures the very old man as having only three teeth in his head, dull of hearing, leaning on four slaves.

In Plato's *Republic*, 329, Cephalus discusses with Socrates the last stage of man's life. 'Men of my age', says he, 'flock together and at our meeting the tale of my acquaintance commonly is, I cannot eat, I cannot drink; the pleasures of youth and love are fled. Some complain of the slights that are put upon them by relatives, and they will tell you sadly of

how many evils their old age is the cause'. While Cephalus does not agree with his contemporaries, but thinks that old age brings peace and freedom from the passions which in his earlier days rule a man, he, nevertheless, admits that popular opinion is not in its favor.

Plautus, in the *Mercator* 284 ff., speaks of the disadvantages of old age. Compare especially 295-296: 'When a man reaches the last stage of life sans sense, sans taste, they are wont to say that he becomes a child again'. Terence, in his *Phormio* 575, calls old age a disease. Seneca expresses its disadvantages still more strongly when he says, *Senectus insanabilis morbus est*.

Cicero, in his masterly defence of old age, in which he tries to place that stage of life in as favorable a light as possible, says to his friend, Atticus (§2), 'I wish both you and myself to be relieved of this burden of old age, for to most old men it seems a load heavier than Etna'. He gives the four charges which are generally brought against it (§15): first, it withdraws men from active life; second, it weakens their physical powers; third, it deprives them of almost all pleasures; fourth, it brings them near death. He says, also, 'that another disadvantage ascribed to old age is that the memory is impaired (§21).

Juvenal (10.280 ff.), with his usually gloomy view of life, certainly sums up all the ills that flesh is heir to under old age. The universal prayer for length of days is a great mistake, he says, for only think of the ills which attend them! Let me quote Gifford's translation:

Strength, beauty, and a thousand charms beside  
With sweet distinction youth from youth divide,  
While age presents one universal face;  
A faltering voice, a weak and trembling pace,

\* \* \* \*

Poor wretch! behold him tottering to his fall,  
So loathsome to himself, wife, children, all,  
That those who hoped the legacy to share  
And flattered long, disgusted, disappear.  
The sluggish palate dulled, the feast no more  
Excites the same sensations as of yore;  
Taste, feeling, all a universal blot,  
And e'en the rites of love remembered not.

So much for the physical discomforts of old age. These Horace does not mention, but Juvenal's picture of its mental woes is even darker. He reminds us of the loss of memory, the result being that the old man does not recognize his slaves or even his own children; and, even if memory remain, he must see his wife, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, friends, all his loved ones leave him on earth alone.

Vergil has the following lines on the disadvantages of the coming of age (*Georgics* 3.66-68):

*optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi  
prima fugit: subeunt morbi tristisque senectus  
et labor et durae rapit inclementia mortis.*

These verses have been rendered thus by Conington:

Man's prime of life posts on with double speed.  
Precipitate a ghastly train succeeds,  
Diseases, labor, heart oppressing age.  
Then death with ruthless hand shuts up the scene.

Ovid shows what his opinion was of old age by the adjectives which he uses to characterize it: *tarda, amara, aegra, curiosa, damnosa*. Pliny thinks it is a mistake to consider old age a part of life.

Maximianus, *Elegiae* 1.195 ff., presents a very gloomy picture of man's last days. He prays old age to hasten his end and so to grant his tired body relief from the ills it bears. He says:

Death is now repose, to live a punishment. I am not the man I once was, for the best part of me is already dead. Surely, worse than all death is it to wish to die. Now I have neither sense of hearing, nor of taste; my eyes are dimmed with age. I have no longer a keen sense of touch, no sweet odor nor any other pleasure now delights me; memory fails. My beauty has faded and left my skin pale, bloodless and dry, my once laughing eyes fountains of tears. I am a horrible sight to behold. You can hardly believe this creature who lacks human reason to be a man at all. Diseases of a thousand kinds beset me. I am compelled to give up the dainties of food in which I once took pleasure. Truly, it is better to die than lead a living death.

Sir Thomas Overbury wrote:

Old men are to be known blindfolded, for their talke is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently as if they would sell them. They become wrinkled with frowning and facing youth. They admire old customs, even to the eating red herring and going wet shod.

The last two sentences seem to re-echo Horace's *laudator temporis acti se puero* and *castigator censorque minorum*. Pope certainly does not consider old age a blessing, for he says, "Life protracted is woe protracted".

In his *Essay on Old Age*, Emerson admits that the popular view of old age was the same in his time as in Horace's day, for he says

From the point of view of sensuous experience, seen from the streets and markets and haunts of pleasure and gain, the estimate of old age is low, melancholy, and sceptical. The creed of the street is that old age is not disgraceful, but that it is immensely disadvantageous.

John G. Saxe gives a good description of the coming of age:

I'm growing fonder of my staff,  
I'm growing dimmer in my eyes,  
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,  
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,  
I'm growing careless in my dress,  
I'm growing frugal of my gold,  
I'm growing wise. I'm growing—Yes, I'm  
growing old.

Churchill's lines in *Gotham* 215 ff. agree with Horace in almost every point, so closely in fact that we can but be convinced that he took them from that author:

Old age  
Putting things off with grave and solemn air,  
From day to day without one day to spare.  
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,  
His faculties impaired, his temper soured,  
His memory of recent things devoured,  
From morn to eve babbling forth vain praise  
Of those rare men who lived in those rare days  
When he, the hero of the tale, was young.  
Dull repetition faltering on his tongue,  
Scoffing at youth even whilst he would afford  
All but his gold to have his youth restored.

The thought in the *Ars Poetica* 175-176, 'Many blessings the years bring as they come, as they go many they take away', has been variously expressed elsewhere. Conington translates Hor. Ep. 2.2. 55-56 by

Our years keep taking toll as they move on;  
My feasts, my frolics are already gone.

Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, puts it thus:

Years following years steal something every day,  
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Juvenal hints at the same thought, in 9.132:

The noiseless foot of time steals swiftly by,  
And ere we dream of manhood age is nigh.

Byron, *Childe Harold*, writes:

Years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb,  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

Again, in *Youth and Age*, the same author laments the joys that leave us as youth takes its flight with the coming years.

According, then, to both ancient and modern thought old age was regarded as a time to be dreaded rather than hoped for, by the average man. Even Cicero could make it only endurable, not desirable. *Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda* expresses the sentiments of the majority of people of his day, of Horace's and, perhaps, of our own as well.

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## REVIEWS

Four Stages of Greek Religion: Studies Based on a Course of Lectures Delivered in April 1912 at Columbia University. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Columbia University Press (1912). Pp. 223. \$1.50.

The contents of this volume fall into four chapters—the "four stages" of the title-page, to wit: I *Saturnia Regna*; II *The Olympian Conquest*; III *The Failure of Nerve*; IV *The Last Protest*—with an Appendix, Translation of the Treatise of Sallustius, *Περὶ Θεῶν καὶ Κόσμου*, and an Index. Of the matters here presented, as the author states in the preface, those of the third and fourth chapters had in part been previously printed in periodicals.

The nativity of Chapters I and II falls under the constellation of the French sociological school of